

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 22, No. 2 – Spring 2002

←← Transportation →→



CCHS Photo # 4442-281

The City of Astoria's No. 1 rock truck, ca. 1915

D.C. Ireland, Editor of the *Daily Astorian* wrote on October 20, 1877:

“From time immemorial, the denizens of Astoria have lived upon this Peninsula shooting out from between Youngs bay and the Columbia river without any possible chance of getting off except in boats, without the risk of losing life, or breaking necks. Hundreds of times at least, we have in the past four years endeavored to awaken an interest looking to the construction of a wagon road out of the town in some direction. At first we favored this way, then that! Also at last in our despair, prayed the authorities to go to work and get us a wagon road in any direction, no matter where, only do get us a wagon road.”

Olney pioneer, Emma Butt, whose story begins on page 32, shared this sense of claustrophobia. Because travel was so difficult, she could make just one visit to town each year, a trip that takes only minutes now. Emma lived long enough to see modern highways, automobiles, and airplanes revolutionize travel.

“The Battle of the Ferries” by Robert Utzinger first provided us with a theme for this issue. We decided to follow with articles about the Astoria-Megler bridge, contract labor on the railroad, Emma’s story, road building at Cannon Beach, and ending with some wonderful photos Tom Carmichael surprised us with a few days ago.

Also in this issue: Briita Blair, a student in Julie Brown’s Clatsop College writing class, has contributed an article about Cilvia Winters, and Lois R. Bowen and Annalou B. Thomas have written about fond memories of their time in Clatsop County.

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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CUMTUX

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Vol. 22, No. 2 - Spring 2002

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Courtesy of Tom Carmichael

Front Cover: James L. Hope
Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.

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CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know...acknowledge...to inform"

The article below is from the Morning Astorian of February 1, 1922 on page 1. It serves to introduce the following story on James L. Hope by Robert Utzinger.

SQUABBLE AT PURITY MEET

*Law Enforcement League Meeting Has Near Riot
Over Ku Klux Klan.*

HOPE DENOUNCES CHIEF

*Says Carlson Is "Crook And A Grafters."
Executive Committee Elected.*

The mass meeting of the Astoria Law Enforcement League held in the Methodist church last night nearly ended in a riot when the Rev. Melville T. Wire, pastor of the church and Lewis M. Kletzing, circulation manager of the *Astoria Evening Budget* and who is one of the church officers, halted Attorney James L. Hope, in the midst of an address in which he had denounced Mayor James Bremner and Chief of Police Carlson, in the boldest terms, and was proceeding in a violent attack on the Ku Klux Klan, accusing that organization of sending representatives here to disrupt the community and turn faction against faction.

"You can't say anything against the Ku Klux Klan from the rostrum," declared the Rev. Wire, rising from his seat during the midst of Hope's talk.

"I am one of the wardens of the church," shouted Kletzing, also arising. "You know this church is anti-Catholic.

I won't allow you to speak as you have been talking."

Attorney Hope at first declared his intention of proceeding saying that he had been invited to speak at the church and that at the time of the invitation he had stated plainly that what he would say would probably hurt the feelings of many present.

F.C. Green, who was presiding, quieted the excitement by advancing to the front of the platform and explaining to the audience that Mr. Hope was right in his statement that he had warned those who had issued the invitation that what he had to say might not be liked. He then urged Mr. Hope to refrain from the Klan subject, stating that as guests of the church, it would not be right for the meeting to discuss subjects distasteful to the pastor and church officers.

Mr. Hope stated that he had not been intentionally discourteous and that he would stop his address immediately. Mr. Hope then retired from the meeting.

The sentiment among the audience of about 250 appeared to be divided, both Mr. Hope and the Rev. Wire being applauded during their short word battle.

"On the shoulders of Mayor James Bremner rests the odium for the present conditions in Astoria," Hope stated early in his address after declaring that the town was a haven of commercialized vice and a paradise for the crooks, bootleggers and crooked policemen.

"I am not a reformer," Mr. Hope stated, "nor do I set myself up as a shining example but my stomach turns against the commercialized and protected vice in this city. I smoke, chew and will take a drink with a friend, but I am firmly against the conditions that exist here."



CCHS Photo #5074-534

James Bremner
Mayor of Astoria from 1919 to 1922.

"Chief Carlson and the police force are protecting vice here and grafting," Mr. Hope said. "Chief Carlson is a grafter and a crook. I know I cannot say such things as these in a public meeting and not be liable to be called on to prove these statements, but I have the nerve to say them and stand ready to prove them."

Mr. Hope stated that the trouble was that the city officials were not selected because of efficiency or past records but because of prejudice.

"It's class against class, creed against creed, and Uniontown against Uppertown and the center of town against both the other sections," he shouted.

He then stated that he had been defeated for re-election to the school board not because of any accusation against his conduct or efficiency on the board but because he was a Catholic. He made charges against the two members of the board who have succeeded himself and Otto A. Owen.

"Can a leopard change its spots," he said, referring again to Chief Carlson. "Carlson is reaping his monthly harvest. He doesn't care. He is getting rich. He says that when he gets out of office he will pack his bag and go. He ought to have enough to live on awhile. Do you think if Mayor Bremner had given instructions to clean up these 68 rooming houses that Mr. Zimmerman says are in the city, and which can't possibly exist except by illegal practices, they wouldn't have been cleaned up."

Mr. Hope then launched into his discussion of the Ku Klux Klan which ended in the squabble that brought his talk to a close.

Preceding Mr. Hope's talk the Rev. Frederick Taylor of the Grace

Episcopal church addressed the meeting and stated that the people of the city were to blame for the conditions that existed here and that it was the duty of the people to see that every law was enforced, whether good or bad, in order that the people might see its effect and repeal it if necessary. He declared that the main thing was to provide a community which would be a place for the clean and healthy development of its young men and women.



CCHS # 75-731
**Edward L. "Leb"
Carlson, Astoria
Police Chief in
1923.**

The great danger, Mr. Taylor said, was that the prevailing disregard of law should cut down the foundations of civilization. He urged more respect for the law and more open backing of the law by the citizens of the community.

Howard Zimmerman, local attorney and United States commissioner, stated that the conditions that had produced the meeting were the discovery that some Uniontown boys had been buying whiskey in soft drink joints and a general feeling among the citizens that there was a great deal of law violation in the community.

He said that he had investigated and found that there were about 60 rooming houses and hotels licensed in the city last year.

"You know and I know," Mr. Zimmerman stated, "that it would take a much larger city than Astoria to support such a number of rooming houses legitimately. Go down any time, day or night, to these houses, on Astor, Bond, Commercial or Duane street and you will find that lights are flashed on when you try for admittance, chains and bars unlocked and that there is more trouble getting into these places than into the average lodge. We know and the police, the mayor and the council know that these places cannot be run legitimately.

Mr. Zimmerman declared that the blame rested on the people for not enforcing the law and that if the eyes of the majority of the people were on their officers, the laws would be enforced.

He said that a couple had been brought before him on a white slave charge recently and that the federal agent who investigated the case had shown him a letter written by the woman involved in which she claimed one of the officers of the city as her chief patron. He said that the matter would probably come out when the case was brought to trial in the federal court and that he had noticed that a hearing here had been waived with suspicious suddenness soon after the letter matter was known.

He said that there was plenty of reason to bring pressure to bear on the local officers to enforce not alone matters concerning the rooming houses but the prohibition laws. He declared that federal officers working in this city for about a total of two months during the past year had made 20 arrests for liquor violations of which 19 persons were bound over to the federal grand jury through his office.

In comparison, he stated the sheriff with four or five deputies had made only 26 arrests during the year.

"You can draw your own conclusions," Mr. Zimmerman remarked.

He then added that he did not believe that the police had arrested any more than the sheriff's force for this type of violations, although, he added, they had arrested many drunks.

He said that if convictions could not be obtained in the local courts he had been assured that the federal courts would handle the cases although it was against ordinary procedure, and that the federal district attorney had assured him that convictions would be secured in cases sent up through his office with sufficient evidence behind them.

He said that the league was organized by the Finnish churches primarily, and that he found the Finnish people solid in their support of the dry laws and right living. He added that at the last



Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.
James Leo Hope, Sr., ca. 1910.

meeting it had been decided to organize a permanent body financed by voluntary subscriptions and headed by an executive committee of 25. He said that such a body could do good work by sending agents or its members down to buy whiskey and then swear out complaints against the vendors.

Attorney E. E. Mathison, Dr. Alfred Kinney, and Frithiof Kankkonen of the Union Fishermen's cannery addressed the meeting in the same tenor as Mr. Zimmerman.

Following the talks, an executive committee of 25 were elected and it was decided to hold another meeting next Tuesday evening. The place of the meeting was not decided on.✚

James L. Hope

By Robert Utzinger

Introduction

Jim Hope was an authentic Irish Catholic. Living across the street from him for fifteen years, I knew him well and he was no Joseph Kennedy. If the choice for himself or his family was between Notre Dame and Harvard, it was Notre Dame hands down.

One peculiarity in Jim's make-up was that he, like his Jerome Avenue neighbor Billy O'Brien, was a staunch Republican. He did defect to the Democratic party just once, when Al Smith challenged Herbert Hoover.

His wife, Helen, once remarked, "I was shocked when I found out he was a Republican. I actually was under the impression during my younger years that being a Democrat was part of the Catholic religion."

Jim's Illinois and Indiana Years

Jim was born May 6, 1887 at Rochelle, Illinois, also the birthplace of his parents. Jim's father, William Hope (1856 - 1932), was a tailor by trade whose father of English blood deserted the family when William was six months old and was never heard of again. His grandmother's maiden name was Barry and was of Irish descent.

His mother, Johanna (Riley) Hope (1858 - 1935), a dressmaker, was one of thirteen children born into a farming family in comfortable circumstances. As a youngster, Jim spent a great deal of time on their farms tending to sheep and working around the stockyards.

His parents' tailor-dressmaker combination led to a very wholesome and thrifty result. Jim's father was a devoted family man who had no vices. He was not gifted in the acquisition of worldly goods. What he did secure, he was extremely generous with his family and very ambitious for their welfare.

His mother had the business head in the marriage. She was capable and much devoted to her family. Both his mother and father sacrificed at every turn to promote the welfare of their children. Jim took great pride in his parentage.

Jim had four brothers and one sister. None of his siblings left the Midwest with the exception of his brother, Father Arthur Hope, who taught at Notre Dame and for many years at Columbia University (now University of Portland.) His youngest brother, John, drowned in 1922 while a student at Notre Dame.

When Jim was thirteen, the family moved to DeKalb, Illinois where he attended the public grade school and high school until 1906 when he left to enroll in a stenographic course at a business college while working as a janitor at the college.

Jim then got a job as a clerk in the law office of George O'Brien in DeKalb and at the same time finished his fourth year of high school and graduated after being out of school for two years. He moved on to the office of Judge

Dowdall intending to study law in his office. The pastor of the parish, Father Solon, prevailed upon him to enter Notre Dame. He was entirely responsible for him getting a job there so he could work his way through. Jim often expressed his gratitude for this act of kindness.

Jim entered Notre Dame in 1908, attending only three years, graduating in law in 1911. As an undergraduate, he was a member of the varsity baseball team, playing center field. He worked his way entirely through the University, staying on campus through the summers. His first job was as a janitor, then as assistant librarian, then secretary to Father Cavanaugh, University president, and finally as manager of athletics. Father Cavanaugh pressured him to take a postgraduate course, but Jim was twenty-four years old, ambitious, and anxious to get into practice.

Jim took great pride and satisfaction that as manager of athletics he was responsible for the enrollment of Knute Rockne, legendary football coach, as a student at Notre Dame.

Rockne showed up in South Bend as a "walk-on" football player and pole-vaulter with nothing but the clothes on his back. Jim provided living arrangements and student employment so that Rockne eventually graduated from Notre Dame, accepted a teaching position, and became its famous football coach.

He went back to DeKalb to the office of Judge Dowdall but he had an itch to get away and out on his own. One of his close friends at Notre Dame was Ralph Dimmick, captain of the football team from Hubbard, Oregon.

Ralph encouraged him to come out to the coast. Jim had read everything he could get his hands on about Oregon and talked to many people about the

country out there. He wanted to go pioneering out in the Wild West.

On to Oregon

In February 1912, he bought a one-way ticket to Portland with borrowed money. His mother fixed him a basket of food. His sleeping arrangement was an old-fashioned tourist chair car. He stopped in Baker to visit one of his Notre Dame classmates, Billy Crawford.

Then it was on to Portland where he was unable to find a job. A priest at Columbia University took him in and installed him in a temporary teaching position. Eventually, he secured a job as a stenographer in the law office of Malarkey, Seabrook, and Stout, and in January of 1913, he went to the legislature as a clerk for D.A. Malarkey.

Returning to Portland, he clerked at the law offices of Stout and Collier where he got little chance to practice law. At this time Father John Waters, longtime pastor of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Parish, came to Portland from Astoria and mentioned in passing to Frank Collier, Jim's future brother-in-law, that he thought there was a good opportunity for a Catholic attorney in Astoria.

Down River to Astoria

Jim got enthused about it and made a trip down river. The town was in a boom and everyone he met seemed extremely cordial. He borrowed \$100 from a Portland bank, acquired some cheap office furniture, and rented two office rooms in the newly completed Spexarth Building for \$15.00 a month. He lived in one room but after a few months, he moved to living quarters on the fourth floor of the Spexarth.

He immediately became active in the Astoria social and political scene and within a year he was selected to

give the St. Patrick's Day speech before the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Jim met Helen Alice Conlin (1893 - 1966) at Columbia University in the summer of 1912. Her family was heavily identified with Notre Dame and that was how he became acquainted with her. He always said they had a great time during their courtship. They were married at St. Rose Parish in Northeast Portland, June 29, 1915. Jim's mother and brother John came out to Portland for the nuptials.

The newlyweds took up living quarters in the Spexarth, which they found rather undesirable. The First World War was on and a housing shortage developed in Astoria. At the end of the year they moved into the brand new Franklin Apartments, the first tenants. About a year later, they moved into their first home on Eighth Street.

Early in his career Jim spent a lot of time in the Justice and Police Courts while at the same time operating a night law school. At one time, Charley Halderman read law in his office for several years.

In 1916 Jim ran for state senator against Al Norblad who in Jim's words "gave me an awful beating."

He was elected to the school board and served a term as chairman. When he ran for re-election, the Ku Klux Klan opposed him and he took a "terrible beating." (His words again)

Jim was prospering very well when in the early 1920s, the Ku Klux Klan hit town with their anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish agenda. For several years, he had a tough time making a living but with support of loyal friends, both Catholic and Protestant, he was able to hold on until the K.K.K. organization faded away.



Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.
Gramma Conlin, Mary Louise Barrett, Helen, Jim, Sr., Catherine Ann Barrett, in front of the Hope house, ca. 1942.

Near Riot over the Klan

By February of 1922, Jim Hope apparently had had his fill of the activities of the Ku Klux Klan. So when he was invited to speak at the Methodist church at a mass meeting of the Law Enforcement League, he stated plainly that what he had to say would probably hurt the feelings of many present. The introductory *Morning Astorian* article on page 2 bears out his prediction.

Otto Owen, who accompanied him to the meeting, lived across Jerome Avenue from Jim. He was not a Catholic at that time, but he was married to Alice Kearney who was a member of a prominent Astoria Catholic family, owners of the Astoria Cooperage. This relationship was enough to cause the Klan to oppose his re-election to the schoolboard, resulting in his defeat.

Owen later was a long time city commissioner and was president of CCHS in its early years.

Subsequent to the meeting, the influence of the Klan in politics and in the community gradually waned until it no longer was a factor in the lives of Astorians.

Law practice and the family

Jim's practice now entered a more prosperous phase as he specialized in corporate and municipal law. He was involved with his friend Sherman Lovell in the incorporation of Durham-Lovell Motor Co. and the Astoria Transit Company.

Jim was a charter member of the Rotary Club and in 1924, Jim was elected president. He also enjoyed card games at the Elks Club and playing twice a week on the links at the Astoria Golf and Country Club.

The story is told that auto dealer Sherman Lovell and Jim were enjoying themselves on the golf links when Sherman mentioned that he had been offered a 10% interest in CRPA (the Columbia River Packers Association) for \$5,000. Jim's response was, "I wouldn't touch that proposition with a ten foot pole."

Later on, it developed that 10% of CRPA was worth many times \$5,000.

Sherman complained to Jim about the bad advice he had received from him. Jim's quick response was that he had not paid for the advice, the implication being that since the advice was free a complaint was not justified.

Regardless, Jim and Sherman remained lifelong best friends.

Helen would drive him down to the Astoria golf course almost every Sunday afternoon and then go on to Seaside where son Jim Jr. and the writer would spend the afternoon at the Oates

swimming pool. The highlight of the afternoon was to sneak up onto the roof structure of the pool building and jump off into the pool, much to the consternation and chagrin of the management. Expulsion was threatened numerous times but it didn't happen. [A photo of this pool appears in the Spring 1987 issue of *Cumtux* on page 32.]

Helen was never heard to complain about the boring Sunday afternoons she endured so that her husband and son could enjoy themselves.

Summer vacations were enjoyed at Seaside's north end in the neighborhood where the Friedrich, Lovell, and Leahy families had beach houses.

In 1925, he bought the C.A. Smith residence at 1309 Jerome Avenue (the address since 1955). This house had several interesting features. One was the tunnel that ran uphill to the basement from the street level garage. The front lawn was a steep bank, which he and the boys mowed by allowing the mower to run freely down the bank and pulling it back up with the attached rope. Tourists driving up to the Astoria column would stop in amazement while observing this unique method of mowing the lawn. Occupants of this house had a great view of the Columbia River.

Jim later said, "I had to borrow on everything I owned and I was mortgaged to the hilt. It was a case of blind ambition but it serves a young fellow to be bold and take a chance."

The director of the CCHS, Scott Reuter, now owns this residence. This was the house in which Jim and Helen raised their children:

1. Mary Louise (Barrett) (1916 - 1987)
2. John Conlin (1918 - 1990)
3. James Leo, Jr. (1922, now residing in Albany)

4. Catherine Anne (1929 - 1930)
5. Frederick William (1933, now in Corvallis)

The death of Catherine Anne at the age of nineteen months was a heart-breaking blow to the couple who was ecstatic with the arrival of another daughter. They transferred much of their affection to the writer's sister, Ruth, who lived across the street and who later on married Jim Jr.

Appointed City Attorney

In 1928, Jim was appointed City Attorney, a position he held for thirty-six years. Most of his work for the city was routine municipal legal business. An exception was his involvement with the bondholders who held the \$4,000,000 worth of bonds the City of Astoria had defaulted on. After the 1922 Astoria fire, the decision was made to rebuild the downtown by filling in the area with a sand fill to a point above the high water mark and then elevating the concrete street and sidewalks on concrete columns and walls. Business owners could then construct their buildings between the elevated street ribbons. Hopefully, there would be no more disastrous fires when the wooden streets supported on wooden piles were eliminated.

As the Depression deepened, the tax receipts fell off to the point that the city was unable to make the required payments on the bonds that were sold to rebuild the downtown. The City of Astoria defaulted on its bonds.

There wasn't much the bondholders could do. It wasn't possible to move the collateral, downtown Astoria, to Cincinnati where many of the bondholders resided. Jim spent much time back east mollifying the enraged bondholders with the promises that they

would eventually be paid off. By 1951, the city had the bond balance down to \$150,000, and the bonds were finally retired in 1959.

Tongue Point campaign

James L. Hope was one of the members of, and the attorney for, the Columbia Defense Council. This organization was instrumental in the drive to locate a naval base at Tongue Point. (A future issue of *Cumtux* will take up and expose the shenanigans and contradictions the Navy and others promulgated in order to torpedo the development of a naval base at Tongue Point.)

Jim acted as the attorney for the committee that in 1920 secured the \$100,000 subscription to purchase the 371 acres at Tongue Point. He conducted all the negotiations for the purchase of the land. He acquired the title, corrected the title, and secured the approval of the Attorney General.

Based upon a request from the Navy Department, for a deed free of cost and encumbrances to the 371 acres included in the desired site, the citizens of Astoria and Clatsop County borrowed on notes from individuals the \$100,000 necessary for the purchase of the land and in January, 1921 gave title to the Navy Department.

Subsequently the taxpayers reimbursed the individuals who supplied the money.

Throughout the 1920s and 30s, Jim made numerous trips to Washington, DC to press for the establishment of a naval base at Tongue Point for a submarine base and later for a naval air station.

All to no avail. In the late 1930s, the Navy planned to establish air stations at Sand Point, Washington and Alameda, California only.



Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.
Helen Alice Hope, ca. 1960.

Meeting with F.D.R.

On one of his trips east with newspaper editor Merle Chessman, the delegation was able to schedule a short meeting with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, hoping to enlist his support in the effort. (FDR had served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in World War I.) As would be expected, FDR dominated the meeting, regaling his audience with amusing and entertaining anecdotes relating to life in the White House and Washington DC. As the minutes ticked by without any mention of Tongue Point, Jim became much alarmed that the meeting would be adjourned with no opportunity for the Astorians to present their case.

At the end of one of the President's tales, Jim interrupted him to note that they really needed to make their

presentation; which they did. The meeting then broke up without any commitment from the President.

Whether Jim's interruption had any bearing on the matter or not, at a later date, Claude Swanson, Secretary of the Navy, announced that the Tongue Point Naval Air Station was not part of the President's program.

To many Astorians it was apparent that the reasons and excuses given by the Navy admirals and captains were laughable and contradictory. The truth of the matter was that the Navy "brass" preferred the sunny climes of San Diego and San Francisco and Bremerton's proximity to a metropolitan area rather than isolated, rainy Astoria.

As a result no submarine base or naval air station was built.

In 1929, he bought the Megler and Company Salmon Cannery. Canning salmon apparently was not his cup of tea, and after one season he sold the cannery to Walter Downs.

Ferry wars

In August of 1931, the "Battle of the Ferries" reached the stage of a fist-fight when Cal Stewart, manager of Columbia Transportation, swung a roundhouse right that landed on the back of the neck of Jim Hope, attorney for Fritz Elfving's Astoria-North Beach Ferry Company. The altercation was generated by Stewart's announcement that he was driving pile in the river that would prevent Captain Elfving from access to the Fourteenth Street ferry slip. Jim was incensed that he had been struck from behind.

"I was hit in the neck when my back was turned."

Stewart admitted the blow and said that he had tried to hit Hope in the mouth but he had turned away just as he launched the blow. Both men admitted



Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.

Under dedicated management, the City of Astoria finally paid off its bonded indebtedness, ca. 1959. Left to right: City Manager James Convill, Mayor Harry Steinbock, City Attorney James L. Hope, City Auditor O.K. Atwood, City Commissioner Antone Sorenson.

that some rough language had been used. Stewart claimed Hope's language was more profane than his was. Stewart declared, "I just recently learned that he has claimed that his arm is now crippled but I know that his tongue isn't."

After the fisticuffs, the battle moved into the courts where the ensuing legal skirmishes and a slowdown in ferry traffic resulted in Captain Elfving eventually becoming the sole ferry operator on the river. (See "Battle of the Ferries" on page 15 of this issue of *Cumtux* for more details of this quarrel.)

The Depression years

In the thirties, Jim kept busy with a number of business ventures including the formation of the Clatsop Box Company with William P. O'Brien and Chris Olsen. In 1938, he incorporated the

Copeland Company, a frozen food operation, with W.A. Copeland and City Manager James Convill.

Jim always drove General Motors automobiles. He generally favored Buicks. The early models had pull-down shades and interior flower vases. In the thirties, he purchased a Buick sports coupe for Helen. This was a special sports model with a rumble seat and a separate locker for golf clubs.

It was not uncommon for customers to order a new car from the local dealer and then go back to Detroit to take delivery. In 1936, Jim and Helen journeyed back east and picked a dark green LaSalle. This had to be one of the most attractively styled autos ever designed by the Fisher body people.

After visiting Jim's relatives and friends in the Midwest, they returned to

Astoria where the LaSalle was the object of many an admiring glance.

Jim participated in the Regatta activities for many years. He and Helen enjoyed entertaining visiting dignitaries such as Aaron Frank, who was Admiral one year. They were especially pleased when daughter Mary Louise was chosen as Princess of the 1934 Regatta.

One summer in the early 1930s, the Hope family spent their vacation at Cannon Beach. Jim Sr. rented a horse for the boys' enjoyment for the period. He was assured by the stable that "Old Jack" had only one speed, a slow walk, unless he was headed for the barn.

On one occasion, Jimmy and his brother, John, rode bareback down the beach to Hug Point to visit the Utzinger boys.

Both sets of boys piled on Old Jack with the exception of Jimmy, who was unable to mount and gain a seat due to the crowded condition. Jimmy's solution to the problem was to go to the rear of Old Jack and shinny up his tail. Bad mistake!

Old Jack may have lost his ability to gallop but he still could muster a powerful kick. Onlookers thought Jimmy might be headed for the moon. No bones were broken but Jimmy's breath was knocked out him for a while. No one ever mounted Old Jack from the rear again.

At the Heathman

Helen had a beautiful voice and she loved to perform. At a supper club, she would ask the orchestra leader to accompany her while she sang. She always received a rousing ovation.

The Heathman Hotel was the residence of choice for Astorians in Portland for football games, shopping, or business. Helen loved people and one of her endearing quirks was that as soon as

they had registered at the Heathman, Helen would request that the bellman page her. This was her clever way to announce her presence and hopefully get together with other Astorians.

One of the features of the Heathman was an organist performing in the lobby. Helen entertained the Heathman clientele and her husband with her musical renditions. Jim never tired of hearing Helen's voice.

Two soldier sons

Two of their sons served in World War II, John as a gunner on an Army Air Corps night fighter. Jim Jr. served as an Army infantryman who received a battlefield commission as a 2nd Lieutenant as well as the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Post WWII years

In the post war years, Jim continued his corporate and business law practice as well as his service as City Attorney.

Jim's legal practice was restricted in only one area. He refused to handle divorce cases. This refusal cost him dearly in one instance when one of his major clients asked him to handle his divorce. Jim turned him down. The client not only moved the divorce to another lawyer but transferred all of his legal business as well. This turn of events must have been especially galling to Jim, when he became aware that his erstwhile client had gifted his replacement with a bonus of a new Cadillac.

Jim was always a sports fan, but he was also well read. When Ed Parsons installed the nation's first cable TV system bringing Seattle TV to Astoria, Jim took immediate advantage of the new medium. He spent many hours watching sporting events while scanning his two favorite publications *Time*

and *Fortune*, simultaneously puffing on his favorite Havana cheroot.

In 1923, Jim received a document announcing that Pope Pius had honored the family with a papal blessing. The framed document was prominently and permanently displayed in their home. It was probably bestowed on the family as the result of Jim's defense of his faith in light of the attacks he incurred from the Ku Klux Klan and in conjunction with his brother Arthur's ordination in Rome that year.

He and Helen now had seventeen grandchildren, many of whom lived in Astoria, so they kept busy at the numerous functions that a family of this size entails.

One of the most gratifying experiences of Jim's life was his and Helen's attendance at the 50th Reunion of the Class of 1911 at Notre Dame in 1961. He always had great affection for his Notre

Dame law school classmates and his teammates on the varsity baseball team.

It wasn't too long after the reunion that he suffered from ill health and in 1964, he passed on.

In 1966, Helen was enjoying a Hawaiian holiday with her friend Beryl Foster when she collapsed at dinner and died.

After their funeral services at St. Mary, Star of the Sea, both were buried in the family plot at Ocean View.

Jim and Helen's many friends and descendants acknowledged and appreciated the very real contribution the couple made to the political, business, social, and religious life of Astoria. ♦

The author wishes to express his appreciation for the assistance of his sister Ruth, brother-in-law Jim Jr., daughter Denise Coate, Bob Lovell, and as always Liisa Penner, Cumtux editor, and the Astorian Budget.



Courtesy of James L. Hope, Jr.

Left to right: John, Helen, James, Sr., Mary Louise, Jim, Jr., and Fred at the Notre Dame-Washington game in Seattle, ca. 1949.

The Battle of the Ferries

By Robert Utzinger

As noted in the James L. Hope biography in this issue, on August 8, 1931, the ferry war reached the stage of a fistfight between Cal Stewart, manager of Columbia Transportation, and Jim Hope, attorney for Captain Fritz Elfving's Astoria - North Beach Ferry Company.

The genesis of the fray began a number of years earlier when Stewart, who was manager of the ferry operation for O.W.R. & N.,* and Captain Elfving were involved in intense competition for the Columbia River ferry business. Schedules were changed daily without notice. Both firms employed "barkers" to attract business to their ferries. Clashes between the "barkers" were common.

O.W. R. & N. left the ferry business and Union Pacific, the ferry owner, sold their ferry to Columbia Transportation over the protest of Captain Elfving who claimed he had a prior contract to purchase the ferry.

Captain Elfving announced he would pursue the matter in court in order to nullify the Columbia Transportation sale.

The feud, which resulted in the fist fight between Hope and Stewart, heated up Saturday night, when Stewart in-

formed Captain Elfving that his company had obtained title to the land adjoining the Fourteenth Street ferry landing which was used in making entrance to the slip and that he would be charged \$500 per day if he was going to use the entrance. (This was despite the fact that in 1921, Elfving had been granted a fifteen year franchise by Clatsop County for a ferry slip at the foot of Fourteenth Street.)

Shortly before midnight, Stewart had a pile driver in place and began to drive piling that would prohibit the North Beach ferry from entering or leaving the slip.

Sunday morning, Elfving crashed his ferry, the recently launched *Tourist #3*, through the piling, continuing his trips until by mid-morning only five of the eleven piling remained standing. The ferry continued operating for the rest of the day, entering and leaving without striking the remaining piling.

Later Sunday morning, Jake Slater, pile driver foreman, and Axel Hansen, Hugh Fretwell, Sam Plummer, Gus Sutherland and Henry Heinz, members of the crew, were arrested on a charge of undertaking construction work without obtaining a building permit from the city. They were later released after post-



CCHS Photo # 3848-00E
Capt. Fritz Elfving, ca. 1934.

ing \$10.00 bail.

Also on Sunday, Columbia Transportation announced that they wanted to use the Fourteenth Street landing built by Astoria-North Beach. Their request was denied.

Then on Monday, Columbia Transportation made an attempt to use the Fourteenth Street ferry slip and they were forcefully turned away by Chief of Police John Acton. Later in the day, the Columbia Transportation ferry *North Beach*, (oddly named the same as their competitor's company name), ran over some of the remnants of the demolished piling, disabling the rudder and propeller, necessitating the beaching of the vessel for repairs.

The imbroglio had drawn crowds of several hundred people to the ferry landing Saturday, Sunday, and Monday in anticipation of even more fireworks after the Hope-Stewart fisticuffs and the crashing of the piling by Captain Elfving.

On Monday, A.W. Norblad, attorney for Columbia Transportation stated, "We are going to take action and plenty of it. We are going to get a city permit to drive those piling and then we are going to drive them. If Elfving wants to knock them down, O.K. He has already done over \$4000 damage to Columbia Transportation property and that and all future damage is going to be paid for."

Norblad went on, "In regard to the permit, Stewart and I went to the city engineer's office and they advised us that they did not know if a permit was required."

Cal Stewart, manager of Columbia Transportation, said that the piling was driven for the purpose of building a ferry slip. He further declared, "As far as we have been able to determine, there is no officially appointed building inspector and no one to inspect such structures or issue or examine permits."

James L. Hope, attorney for Astoria-North Beach Ferry Company, released the following statement: "These people cannot drive piling in such a way as to interfere with accustomed and usual navigation on the Columbia River. This matter might have been amicably settled if they had given us decent and reasonable notice of their purpose to erect a structure at the foot of Fourteenth Street. Instead of that they start in with their warning late Saturday night at a time when no injunction or other legal action can be taken and then attempt to stop our ferries just before one of the largest business days of the season. It is plainly indicated by such action that their desire was not a legitimate one to erect a dock structure but to interfere with our ferries. Otherwise they would have given us reasonable notice and started their work at a

reasonable time. Legitimate construction jobs are not started just before midnight.”

The dispute had been flaring bitterly in the weeks before the ferry slip confrontation. On the other side of the river, Elfving was alleged to have posted men to block traffic to the Columbia Transportation ferry. Mel Hein, nationally known football star and Columbia Transportation employee, was alleged to have warned the men to cease their blockade, and when they refused he threw several men into a ditch. Both sides rushed in reinforcements, and the ditch battle continued for several days until Pacific County authorities put a stop to it.

The City of Astoria was dragged into the struggle when attorney Norblad charged that City Manager George Garrett told Captain Elfving that he could go ahead and knock the piling down. Norblad said that they were going to hold the city partially responsible for the damage to their property.

City Manager Garrett said that Sunday morning he had found the ferry loaded with tourists and waiting to go to the north shore.

“Rather than have their people held up and create a bad impression over the state, I told Elfving to take the ferry out,” Garrett said. “In going out, he knocked out three pilings. I thought it was unfair to have the tourists lose their holiday on account of local trouble.”

After three days of violence, charges and counter-charges, arrests and property damage, the waterfront quarrel started to cool down with the transfer of the clash to the court where the legalities of the situation could be decided.

Two weeks after the ferry slip conflict, both parties entered into a temporary truce. On the tenth of Sep-

tember, Astoria-North Beach Ferry Company and Columbia Transportation signed an agreement to end the ferry war.

On December 24, 1931, the Astoria-North Beach Ferry was dealt a blow when the suit they instituted to nullify the sale of the ferry to Columbia Transportation by O.W.R. & N. was decided in favor of Columbia Transportation.

The suit was instituted as a result of the purported sale by O.W.R. & N. of its ferry, all docks, ramps and right-of-way to Astoria-North Beach in December of 1930. The court’s action in effect gave a stamp of approval to O.W.R. & N.’s sale of their ferry to Columbia Transportation.

It soon became apparent after the Labor Day holiday that there was insufficient ferry traffic to support two ferry lines and that the winner would be determined by the party with the greater financial resources.

After a period of intense rivalry, including some rough language and pushing and shoving, Captain Elfving’s superior resources won the day and Columbia Transportation was merged into Astoria-North Beach in July 1933 almost two years after the ferry slip clash.

After his victory, Captain Elfving maintained his cross-Columbia ferry monopoly for more than twelve years, selling his ferry operation to the Oregon State Highway Commission in 1945.

The Highway Commission operated the ferries as part of the State highway system until the Astoria Bridge replaced them in 1966.

*Oregon-Washington Railway and Navigation Company.



Above: CCHS Photo # 5594-282

Below: CCHS Photo #5594-282

Above: Fritz Elfving's Astoria-North Beach ferry, ca. 1931.

Below: The Astoria-Megler bridge shortly before its completion in 1966.



Opposition to the Columbia River Bridge

Introduction

A persistent theme in the Astoria newspapers back to the 1870s has been the role that Portland has played in the economic development of the Lower Columbia region. This article from the front page of the Astorian Budget for July 31, 1933 is an example.

Portland's Chamber Sends "Explanation" of Attitude Opposing Astoria Bridge

Directors of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce will meet to consider the letter from Amadee Smith, president of the Portland Chamber in regard to that group's opposition to the Astoria bridge and to draw up a reply re-stating the Astoria attitude. Members of the bridge committee will meet with the directors...

An "explanation" of its attitude in opposing the proposed trans-Columbia bridge at Astoria, its sudden change in attitude from its 1929 stand on the same project and its determination to oppose all bridges of any or all kinds across the mouth of the Columbia river, is contained in a letter from Amadee M. Smith, president of the Portland Chamber, addressed to R.F. Moore, president of the Astoria Chamber, W.H. Nelson, secretary, and M. R. Chessman, chair-

man of the bridge committee.

The text of the letter follows:

"We are unwilling to believe that after more mature deliberation on the part of the board of directors of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce and on the part of its thinking citizens, that it can or will take the position that the action of the Portland Chamber of Commerce in opposing the present proposed bridge across the Columbia river in Astoria 'Is an evidence of unfriendliness and utter selfishness.' It is believed that the record of Portland and its Chamber of Commerce for the benefit of the entire Pacific northwest has been such as to establish its feeling of friendliness for all the communities of the northwest.

"Your attention is called to the fact that the present plans for the proposed Astoria bridge are contrary to and in violation of the plans submitted at the meeting of April 12, 1929, in the following particulars:

"The plans submitted in 1929 call for vertical clearance of not less than 205 feet, while the present plan calls for clearances varying from 180 to 194 feet. The plan submitted in 1929 also called for clearance between channel piers of at least 1200 feet, and the plan now submitted calls for 1000 feet clearance. Also, the plan for 1929 called for a bridge crossing the channel at right

angles, while the plans now submitted show a crossing of the channel at an oblique angle. The plan submitted in 1929 showed no piers in the main shipping channel, but the plans now submitted call for a pier 520 feet from the harbor line and in the main shipping channel. The Portland Chamber of Commerce might well rest its opposition to the present plans on these vital departures from the plan submitted in 1929.

1929 Action Called an Error

“In order that the position of the Chamber of Commerce with reference to a bridge across the Columbia river at or near its mouth may be clear, please be advised that it considers the action of the board of directors in 1929 as a grave error. The Portland Chamber must necessarily reserve to itself the right to consider any question presented on the merits at the time of presentation, regardless of the action of a former board. This is particularly true in the present case by reason of many changed conditions.

“In order that there may be no mistake as to the position of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, please be advised that it will, not from a selfish standpoint but from the standpoint of what it believes to be for the benefit of the entire territory served by the Columbia river, including the city of Astoria, oppose definitely and actively with all the power at its command the building of any bridge across the river at or near its mouth.

“In the spirit of entire friendliness, we ask the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of Astoria to review the possible effects of the proposed bridge upon the commerce coming into the mouth of the river and its possible effect on the entire northwest. It is believed that this more mature consideration on your part will cause you to agree with the Portland Chamber of Commerce in its attitude toward the proposed bridge.”

It was more than thirty years before a bridge was built near the mouth of the Columbia River.

	Proposed in 1929	Proposed in 1933	As Built in 1966
Vertical Clearance (Feet)	205	180-194	200
Distance Between Channel Piers (Feet)	1200+	1000	1070

Comparison of proposed measurements of the Astoria-Megler Bridge in 1929 and 1933 with those finally chosen.

Labor Contract for Chinese Workers on the Railroad to Astoria

Large numbers of Chinese immigrants were brought to the Lower Columbia River in the 1870s to work in the canneries and the railroad. We are thankful to Allen Saiget, now of La Mesa, California, for donating a copy of a railroad contract to the historical society.

The 1889 contract, CCHS Accession #99.99, is reprinted below. Kong Sai Get, the labor contractor, was born October 27, 1854 in China, a son of Kong Chong Hin, and died on August 15, 1916 after a long career as a merchant in Astoria. Allen is the grandson of Kong Sai Get.

This Agreement, Made and entered into this 6th day of November, A.D. 1889, by and between ~~Wah Sing Company~~ [crossed out in original] Sai Get, party of the first part, and the PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION COMPANY of Portland, Oregon, party of the second part, WITNESSETH:

That for the consideration hereinafter mentioned, the party of the first part, its successors and assigns, within ten days from the date of this instrument, to labor in the building of the Railroad from Astoria to Hillsboro, Oregon, at such points thereon as may be designated by the said party of the second part, its superintendent, agents

or representatives, all of the able bodied Chinese laborers that the said party of the second part may choose to employ to work on said road, not exceeding One Hundred (100) in number. And said party of the first part further agrees that all laborers thus furnished shall be strong, first class able bodied men, peaceably disposed and experienced in such work, and that said laborers shall go to work upon said road as they shall be directed by said party of the second part, and shall continue in the employ of the party of the second part as long as it may require them.

In consideration whereof, the party of the second part for itself, its successors and assigns, covenants and agrees that it will furnish transportation for all such laborers to said points where their labor is to be performed, free of charge, and that in case said laborers remain and work until they are no longer required, then in that case the party of the second part will transport such laborers as so remain free of charge back to said City of Portland, Oregon. And further, that it will furnish free transportation for one person, acting as agent, of the party of the first part, from Portland, Oregon, to the place of work and return whenever said person shall deem it desirable to be present at said place of work; and that it

will transport the necessary provisions, utensils, tents, baggage for such laborers from Portland, Oregon, free of charge; and further hereby covenants to and with the party of the first part, in consideration of the premises [promises?] to pay to the party of the first part, or his order, on or before the Fifteenth (15th) day of each and every month, for the labor performed in the month previous by said laborers, at the rate of one dollars and fifteen cents (\$1.15) for each day of ten hours work for each laborer, and in case payments shall not be promptly made, the said party of the second part will pay any damages caused by said delay.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED, that for each gang of not less than Thirty-five (35) men, there shall be allowed one cook, who shall not be required to perform labor other than cooking, and one tea-boy to carry tea to said laborers, for whose services, the party of the first part shall be allowed and paid the same amount as is allowed and paid for others of the same gang, except that said cook shall also be allowed pay for each working day when said gang shall be prevented from working by severe storms or inclement weather.

It is also agreed, that the said party of the first part shall be permitted to select out of each gang of Thirty-five laborers, one book-man, to whom a reasonable time will be given each day to call the roll and keep the time of the said laborers in each gang.

And it is further mutually understood and agreed, between the parties hereto, that in moving camp the party of the second part will allow and pay for the full time necessarily consumed in walking from camp, whenever camp is broken during said work, and the party of the second part will furnish transportation without charge, for the blankets, luggage and

provisions of the laborers, but that the men shall walk from camp to camp.

It is further mutually understood and agreed between the parties hereto, that in case the laborers, or any of them furnished hereunder, shall not be strong and able bodied or shall prove to be lazy or shall disobey or fail to obey all of the orders or directions of the said party of the second part, its officers or agents, then said party of the second part shall have the right to discharge at any time all or any of the said laborers, and the party of the first part, will and shall within five days after being notified so to do by the party of the second part, furnish the said party of the second part at Portland, Oregon, a sufficient number of first class, strong, able bodied men, peaceably disposed and experienced, to replace the laborer so discharged.

And the party of the first part hereby covenants and agrees with the party of the second part to at once replace such men as from time to time may leave the work, with like first class able bodied peaceable and experienced men; and in case he shall at any time fail or neglect to furnish such men as may be required by party of the second part, or re-place such men as may leave or be discharged, within a reasonable time after being notified thereof, then said party of the second party may itself employ such men in any manner, and from any party or persons it may see fit, without waiving any claim for damages it may have hereunder.

And the party of the first part further covenants and agrees, that whenever any gang of laborers shall refuse to work, that during the time they shall so refuse to work, the compensation or wages of the white foreman and the reasonable value of any wood consumed by the gang which has been furnished by the party of the

second part shall be deducted from the pay of said gang. And the party of the second part further covenants and agrees with the party of the first part, that it will furnish wood and water for the use of said laborers for cooking purposes.

In case by the direction of the said party of the second part, the gangs are subdivided and put on different portions of the road, then a cook and book-man shall be allowed to each smaller gang.

And it is further understood and agreed by and between the parties to this contract, that in the event that said party of the first part shall procure laborers in Salem to work on said Railroad, said party of the second part will pay the fare of said laborers, and the cost of transporting their baggage from Salem to Portland, Oregon, as well as from Portland to said points where said labor is to be performed.

And it is further agreed by and between said contracting parties, that at the commencing of the fishing season on the Columbia River, to wit: March 1st, 1890, said party of the first part can withdraw from the whole number of laborers by him to be furnished under this contract, a number of chinese laborers, not to exceed Seventy in all, to work at packing Salmon on said River during said season, without violating the terms of this contract; and that at the time of said withdrawal, said party of the first part will endeavor to procure and substitute other able bodied laborers for those so to be withdrawn, and that said party of the second part will at said last mentioned time defray the expense of the transportation of said chinese laborers so withdrawn, and their baggage, to Astoria, Oregon, and of their substitutes and their baggage to the place where their labor is to be performed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals (in duplicate), the day and year in this instrument first above written.

Sai Get, Party of the first part
The Pacific Construction Co
By F.E. Habersham

WITNESSED BY:
Alfred Kinney
Frank M. Gunn

In consideration of the execution and delivery of the foregoing contract by the respective parties thereto, we hereby guarantee the full and complete performance thereof on the part of the PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

WITNESS our hands and seals this day of 1889
[Left blank]

Note:

Long stretches of this railroad were completed before the financial backing collapsed. F. E. Habersham sued William Reid, promoter of this railroad scheme, for back wages in 1891. Many workers were not paid.

In 1907, Habersham was running a railroad line from Warrenton to Seaside for the A. & C. R. Railroad. See the Winter 2002 issue of *Cumtux* for a story on the railroads in Clatsop County

Earlier, in 1892, Habersham was president of the Grand Rapids Development & Improvement Company which also failed.





The Three Bridges of Youngs Bay. The bridges in Youngs Bay on left; 2. The old Youngs Bay bridge at top; 3. The bridge on the old Highway 101 continued almost straight west after crossing the airport runways. Note also what appear to be roads along the dike flats. John Adair, Jr. and his brother, Samuel Adair owned 800 acres and diking the land on the west side of the Lewis & Clark River. They were owners of a ferry that ran from a point near Fort Clatsop to Smi



CCHS Photo # 7868-283, a Brubaker Photo
 ca. 1938 Brubaker Photo are: 1. The railroad bridge over Youngs
 the Lewis & Clark River at right. Astoria is at top left. Note that
 & Clark bridge. It now dips southward to leave room for expanded
 in the south shore of Youngs Bay. Before the dikes, these were tide
 s of tideland here in 1888 and had spent \$3,000 filling in a slough
 1887, Bethenia Owens Adair and her husband, John, Jr., were the
 int.



Courtesy of Roger A. Blair

"A section of the grandstand crowd is shown as it watched Cilvia Winters, in 1937, win the log rolling championship at the Astoria Regatta from both men and women. After the ordeal, Cilvia stepped ashore, perfectly dry, the only contestant who wasn't doused in the water." From an article in Cilvia's scrapbook.

Log Rolling Champion Cilvia "Duick" Winters

By Briita L. Blair

In a town that has so much history, it is not difficult to discover interesting things. But it is not so easy to learn the secrets of life in the back country. My family knew the logging camps as well as anyone and the stories from these vanished places.

The logging camps of Clatsop County were dirty, dangerous places to live, full of hardworking, sturdy men and women, places that also gave rise to a whole new world of sports; sports that are still practiced in logging shows today. Clatsop County was home to a world championship competitor in the sport of log rolling.

At 3 a.m. in the morning, logging camps came to life. Cooks were the first to rise. They would start a breakfast of hot cakes, bacon, sausage, and eggs. Most logging camps raised their own meat: pigs, chickens and so on. It was important that the cooks knew their business. Loggers would not stay, otherwise. The smell of good food would wake the bunkhouse of men about 5 a.m. Married men had houses of their own, with their own kitchens. After breakfast it was out to the woods. They

usually had to go a few miles on the train before they got to where they were logging. Those left in camp were as busy working as the men in the woods. Some days the crew didn't get back until just about dark. They would eat, go to sleep, and the whole routine started again. On the weekends, the loggers found plenty of excitement to make up for the rest of the week. Not in town, though, because they only went there on holidays. Sam Churchill, who grew up in a logging camp, wrote about his memories of the weekends in the books, *Big Sam* and *Don't Call Me Ma*. He recalled the dances in the attic of Olson's warehouse in Olney that lasted all night. All the kids would be put to bed at one end while the party went on at the other end. Then, the next day, there were baseball games between logging camps. Those were the years when they visited neighbors and friends. The Churchill family visited Mr. Tate who ran locomotives for logging in Washington and Oregon. He treated them to elderberry wine, then they played cards, or sang. Sometimes, Sam's mother put on pageants with the chil-



Courtesy of Roger A. Blair
Left to right: Cilvia Winters, Astoria, Oregon, eventual runnerup; Mary Jean Mollatt, Bloomer, Wisconsin, eventual world champion; Marietta Phipps, Ladysmith, and Arbutus Wilson, both of Ladysmith, Wisconsin. August 28, 1938 at the Escanaba, Michigan World Championship log rolling contest.

dren in the cookhouse. And there were logging games.

In the logging outfits, games weren't so much a form of entertainment as they were a way of life. The talents loggers developed were so impressive they were displayed at logging shows around the world, stunning audiences with their everyday feats, such as: "choker setting," in which men run over a series of logs, like hurdles, carrying a long cable, then go to the end of the logs and throw it around to hook it to the other side and run back. In "double bucking," two men, one on either side of a long saw, work together to cut off a section of wood. A variant of this is "Jack and Jill," in which a boy is on one end and a girl on the other. Another event is "ax throwing" with the ax aimed at a target. In the dangerous "pole snip," loggers run up a log at an angle, carrying a chainsaw, cut off a piece and run back down. "Pole climbing" is one of the most fun to watch with loggers racing up a tree and back down. In "boom stick running" they line up logs like they are at a boom, then run along them trying not to fall. My favorite sport is "log rolling" in which the nimble of foot take on each other and an unpredictable log. This was one of the first logging sports in which women participated. It was this sport that a small town girl mastered and became a runner up in the world championship.

Cilvia Margaret Winters (Blair), known as "Duick" to everyone, grew up at Tucker Creek where she learned to swim and love water sports. She learned early how to walk on logs in the water and became so skilled at it that she was known as "Miss Paul Bunyon." She performed at Regatta festivals here beating out all the competition including her own brother, Kauno (known as

"Nuts"). The more skilled she became, the more challenge she sought. Her father made her a ball to roll in the water. An excellent draftsman, he made the ball out of one piece of wood, four feet in diameter. Everyone who tried to stand on it fell off, except Duick. She was asked to participate in the world championships in Escanaba, Michigan, but first planned to go to a sportsman show in Philadelphia. Worried that there would be no exercise equipment like hers there, they decided to bring her ball along. Because shipping was so expensive, her father cut it in half and hollowed it out. She took one half as her luggage and her brother took the other half. Then when they got to Philadelphia, they bolted it back together and sealed it. Duick was ready to roll.

A lot of surprises awaited her when she got to Philadelphia. First there was a newspaper article about her referring to her as "Miss Paul Bunyon" who would be rolling on "Paul Bunyon's favorite shooting marble." Following that was the appearance of a cartoon in the paper of her and a burly logger competing in a log roll. While he was falling off, she was powdering her nose. It turned out to be close to the truth.

At the sportsman show, they told her she need not enter any of the tournaments; she was just to roll with the champions. She did and won, even dumping the men's world champion log roller, Eber Peck. The newspapers raved about how she "stole the show."

August 28, 1938 was the day of Duick's world championship competition. She arrived at Escanaba, Michigan and met the girls she was to compete with: Mary Jean Molatt of Bloomer, Wisconsin; and Marietta Phipps and Arbutus Wilson of Ladysmith, Wisconsin. Ms. Molatt dumped Ms. Phipps and

Duick dumped Ms. Wilson. This sent Mary Jean Molatt and Duick Winters in to the finals. Each time, two competitors ran on the log for three minutes; then the match started again on a log that was smaller in diameter. This was to continue until one of them would win best two out of three. Duick and Ms. Molatt got on an eighteen-inch log and started rolling. Within thirty-two seconds, Duick had Ms. Molatt in the water. Then they rolled for three minutes, both still upright. Another three minutes, and they were still standing. Then they went to a seventeen-inch log, at which point Ms. Molatt dumped Duick. Then they rolled again with both still standing after three minutes. The sixteen-inch log, known as the "toothpick," was brought out. This was the lightest log two people of average weight could stand on without sinking. In six seconds, there was a new world champion log roller, Miss Mary Jean Molatt.

Duick came home with a lot of good memories of the competition and lots of newspaper clippings for her scrapbook.



In one of his books, Sam Churchill quotes a sign at the Collier Memorial Park and Logging Museum located north of Klamath Falls:

The Loggers

Oh Stranger, ponder well what breed of men were these cruisers, fallers, skidders, ox, horse and "cat," chokersettlers and the rest who used these tools. No summer's searing dust could parch their hearts. 'Twas never said "they worked for pay alone," tho' it was good and always freely spent. Though jobs to lick, they welcomed with each day, "We'll bury that old mill in logs," their boast. Such men as they

have made this country great, beyond the grasp of smaller, meaner men. Pray God, oh Stranger, others yet be born worthy as they to wear a logger's boots!



The author, Briita Blair, attends Clatsop College and has written this article for Julie Brown's writing class. She is a granddaughter of Abbie and Nettie Blair. Abbie is the brother of Robert Blair whose wife was Cilvia "Duick" Winters Blair. Cilvia passed away a couple years ago.

We would like to thank Tonny and Roger Blair for the loan of Cilvia's scrapbook and photographs for this article.



Portion of a cartoon of Cilvia Winters in competition.



Courtesy of Roger A. Blair

Mary Jean Malott defeats Silvia Winters (left) in the world championship log rolling contest.

Charlotte Emma & J. C. Butt*

Olney Pioneers

Mr. And Mrs. J. C. Butts, 954 Sixth street, came to Astoria just 50 years ago, on February 15 [1884]. In the article printed below, Mrs. Butts gives her impressions of early Astoria and some of the interesting experiences of herself and her husband during their long residence in this county.

We were married 50 years ago at Springvalley school house in Allen county, Kansas, by a Methodist minister. We had obtained a marriage license in Iola, Kansas, the day previous. [The bride and groom were only about eighteen years old.]

From October 7th until the following February, we lived in a small cottage in the corner of four counties, Allen, Lynn, Burbon [sic] and Johnstone, in the state of Kansas.

In the month of February, we came by train to Oregon. There were twelve persons in our party including all my parents and brothers and sisters with the exception of John Miller. At Ogden, Utah, the train was snowbound and it was very cold....

The train men gave \$1 per hour to persons to shovel snow. The snow was removed that night and we continued on the Northern Pacific through the state [territory then] of Washington to Port-

land, Oregon. At Portland, we stayed one night at the National Hotel, then came by boat down the Columbia river to Astoria, arriving February 15.

My father had read in a newspaper an account where people did not have to work in Astoria.

Fifty years ago, Astoria was a funny looking little place [1884]. The woods seemed to be hewed out for the little village which was built on pilings partly over the water and lighted with a few kerosene lights. There were fifty-four saloons and very few stores. There was a cemetery on the hill above the city with no road leading to it. The coffins were carried on poles.

Chinese did the work in canneries. The Chinese wore long queues and slippers without heels. Astor street was what was called "blood town" with sailor boarding houses and saloons. You could not go a block along any street without seeing a drunk man hanging over the trustle [sic]. There were no roads and all travel was by water. We remained in Astoria about four weeks. Then we went to Olney by steamer around the point to Youngs Bay and up the Clatskanie [Klaskanine] river to the boat landing at Olney. My father bought a farm just beyond the Camm [Kamm] farm which was the largest and best

farm in Clatsop county at that time. My husband and myself went to work for two Frenchmen who lived near Olney, August and Antone Manye [Magne?]. We worked only a few months.

Then we went one and one half miles from the school house at Olney and took up a homestead. We crossed one fork of the Clatskanie river and passed by the Guillian farm [Charles Guillienne or Joseph Guiland?]; then, we blazed a trail and cut out notches in the large logs so we could get over them. My husband built a house from small logs and shakes which we split from fir trees. The first clearing was cutting away underbrush, mostly vine-maple, then the large trees some six, eight, ten and twelve feet through. We burned down large trees by boring with a large auger three holes which would meet in the center of the tree and placing living coals in these holes. We started a fire by blowing these coals with a bellows until a good blaze was going.

We had a hard time moving in. My husband carried a small cook stove on his back. Later, the logs along the trail were cut low enough so a little pony called "buckskin" could scramble over them with a large pack on his back.

I stayed there alone while my husband went to work in the logging camps so we could live. I had never lived in the woods or had never seen woods like that and I was afraid. My husband would go on Sundays and stay all week coming back in the night the following Saturday evening.

There came to us a little daughter whom we named Grace. I thought how wicked it was to raise a child in a place like that. I had always lived in a civilized place and attended Sunday school and church. My folks lived a mile and a half away from a farm near a little

school house where my children afterwards went to school.

We burned down many trees; often had several trees burning at one time and they might fall in any direction. At one time when we had many fires burning, we went out to my father's to stay over night. When we returned the next day, one big monster tree had fallen on our little house and part of the roof was found some distance down the hill. We were thankful we were not in the cabin when the tree fell.

We had to start over again; my husband was young, strong, and determined. As we fell more trees, there was less danger and another little cabin was built.

We had an old Indian, "Indian George," for a neighbor. He lived about a quarter of a mile from us in the thick woods. He was of the Chautauqua [Choctow] tribe. He was an educated man, a wheelwright by trade. He hunted for elk and deer and all wild animals. He sold the deer meat to the people around Olney and also sold furs whenever he could. He collected oil cans to cook the meat for his dogs. He would occasionally pass thru our clearing with his dogs.

Indian George's dogs were frequent visitors. One time my husband killed a pig and hung it in a shed alongside of our home. We had a door made for the shed but not hung. The dogs, a dozen or more, got in the shed. My husband thought he would trap them and give them a good whipping so he grabbed the door and held it in place. The dogs jumped against the door and my husband landed far down the hill with the door on top of him. We afterwards hung the door with pieces of my husband's shoes for hinges.

At one time, Indian George had killed an elk and had feasted. He took

some of the meat to three different persons and at one place they invited him to dinner. After he left this place he went a half mile and died. No one could get near the body as the dogs stood guard. They had to shoot the dogs and they were all buried in one grave along with Indian George there in the woods where the body was found. I believe if he could have made a wish, it would have been to have his dogs with him. My brother made a headpiece for his grave from a board and wrote thereon "Sacred to the memory of Chautauqua George."

About every two or three weeks some one of my folks would come to see me and seemed to think I should be very grateful to them for coming over that awful trail to see us.

We dug out holes in the ground in the soft marshy places to get water, which we carried to the house.

In time, the clearing grew and we could keep a cow. My husband worked a good part of the time at home and some of the time he worked near enough to home so he could come home nights. In time I grew a little more resigned in hermit life.

A small animal, the skunk, was a horror to us. They moved in with all their family, under the floor and between the shakes in the wall. They were horrible pests.

I went to Astoria about once a year. The first day of the trip to Astoria, we would go to my father's place. We would get an early start from there and go down Alder ridge to the boat landing at Olney, using a sled drawn by oxen as a means of transportation. There was a small store and a saloon at the landing. The boat, the *Maria G. Haaven*, piloted by Captain Haaven, carried fish except the days when it ran to Olney to carry

freight and passengers.

Some people came from Nehalem district which was a distance of twenty to thirty miles from Olney. They came by means of pack horses over a trail which was often belly-deep in mud. My father lived on the Nehalem trail and cared for the people going and coming, also their horses until they returned from their trip. There was some old people who had lived there all their lives and many people had died there because they could not get medical aid in time to save their lives.

The trip by boat down Youngs Bay and around Smiths Point into the Columbia river was often quite rough and I would be seasick.

When we arrived in Astoria, we traded at Ford [Foard] and Stokes for groceries. August Hildebrand was the storekeeper in Ford and Stokes store.

Later on, Mrs. Copeland started a dry goods store. She had a small one room store piled high with goods, ready-made clothing, shoes and hats. Ready-made clothes for women were not so common then, and she sold lots of goods. She was a worker and a good business woman.

We had to return when the boat came back which was often the next day.

Astoria grew very slowly. Fishing was the main industry and each year, many millions of dollars worth of fish were canned. The only other industry was logging. A railroad was started which made things lively for a while as they brought men and mules and clearing and grading equipment. They worked about one and one half years driving piling in Youngs Bay. Some of these piling can be seen yet. They started a tunnel through Green Mountain, when all at once the bottom seemed to fall out

of the project and some of the men had to leave with their packs and no pay for many months back. It was said Portland bought off the railroad.

My lonely life was filled with much hard work. To us came another daughter which we named Edith. I was determined to see my children out of the woods where civilized people lived.

I had two cows to tend and milk and I made butter. My husband would carry the butter in a box to the landing at Olney and take a rowboat from there to Williamsport on Youngs Bay. From there he carried the box of butter over the muddy trail to Astoria.

We set out a young orchard and I sewed sort of pillow cases to slip over the little trees so the cows could pasture around them.

A man by the name of McCormick preached in the little Olney school house. The thoughts of going to church was manna to my hungry soul.

But it was very different and under such different circumstances even when I read my bible it seemed to have a different meaning. People are kind to the poor heathens in foreign countries but they do not consider people who live in places like Nehalem was then. During the sixteen years we lived in the woods, we had two sermons preached by this minister, Mr. McCormick.

As time went on, we cleared more ground and built a sled road which wound around in order to escape the bad places. There was no end to the hard work. In time, the children had to go to school at Olney which was one and one half miles away.

Road building began and my husband worked building a road between Olney and Astoria. The road was made of wood which they split from timber along the way and was called a pun-

cheon road. My husband had a road camp between Astoria and Olney so did not come home so often. For two winters, I milked nine cows and fed a lot of young stock. The children were too small to clean the barn so I did that too and lots of other work too. Never did I sleep at night until I had prayed to God that we might move out of there and that Astoria might get better and not be such a drunken, wicked town.

Sailors went away from the sailor boarding houses out into the country and worked for their board on the farms in order to keep from getting shipped out on some boat. Like all places where intoxicating liquors are common, there was a white slave traffic.

We could hear the ocean roar in bad weather. My husband bought a team and wagon so we started to see the ocean. The first day we went to Astoria over the new road which was about completed. The next day we went to Seaside by train. The ocean was wonderful and we saw some Indians whose faces were very wrinkled and brown. People said they were 100 years old. We thought it was a wonderful trip.

We got a weekly paper through the mail. It was edited by C.J. Curtis. We read much about the building of the railroad from Portland to Astoria which was completed in 1898. In later years, I made a trip to the southern part of California and back by train, and the roughest part of the trip was between Portland and Astoria. Astoria just got what Portland would let it have.

Another daughter had come to us and the older children had completed the grades at Olney school so we were obliged to move to some place where they could continue their schooling.

Road work was quite extensive by this time so my husband worked on the

roads quite a lot.

We had a fine young orchard started, lots of cattle and lots of ground cleared. Often times, my husband said he would never move away from the ranch; he had worked too hard there. We had lived that hermit life to make the place.

On the way to town was a ferry at Walluski and this ferry had to be drawn across the river by cable and usually one end of the ferry was partly sunk.

We sold some cattle to buy property in town and build a house. We built a frame two story house on the Youngs Bay side of the hill. There was one street, Seventh street, partly planked, which ran within one block of our house. We were two blocks from Youngs Bay and there was no water or lights or telephone when we moved into the half finished house. There was heavy timber between our house and the bay but later when the [McEachern] shipyards were built at Youngs Bay, the timber was cut down and we can see Saddle mountain, Young's Bay, Lewis and Clark river, Klaskanine river. [This property is probably the one at 1840 Sixth Street.]

My husband grieved because we had to leave the ranch and often returned. We left a team of horses on the ranch. They could graze in the pasture and go in the barn for shelter. My husband drove a stake in the ground to hold the barn door open but during a storm, the stake broke off and the door closed with the horses in the barn. When he arrived at the farm, he found the horses alive; they had plenty of hay but no water. They made a dash for water and he made them eat wet grass so they would not drink so much water. After that, we had a man live on the place.

Astoria improved in many ways.

Different people came in. Sailor boarding houses could not do the criminal work they had. There was a little hesitation in crime; still, the saloons were in control and Astor street had many pitiful victims of white slavery.

Much clearing was made to build homes for nice people and schools were built. There must be new streets as the old ones were dangerous from decay. After much controversy, they decided to build viaduct streets. This form of streets proved to be a good means of burning the city which happened in 1922. Most of the business part of the city was burned. The Hammond mill had burned the year before. This was the largest mill in the northwest and many people were out of work when it burned.

My husband has worked on every street of any length in Astoria and every road of any length in Clatsop county and he worked rebuilding Astoria. Astoria has a sea wall many miles up the Columbia river.

We have water and light and telephone in our house now and a paved highway near our home. We can go to Seaside in three quarters of an hour in our car on a paved highway. We have a modern comfortable home in the place where our first house burned.

Everything has changed during the past fifty years. Modern machinery has replaced men. Where one hundred men used to toil, now four or five men can do the work with ease and comfort.

Notes from the Editor:

*City directories and the census spell the name "Butt."

Charlotte Emma Butt was born August 31, 1861 at Warren County, Iowa to James W. Dunkin, born in Belmont County, Ohio and Sarah Cook born Hamilton Co., Indiana. She died in Clatsop County on March 19, 1942. Jacob C. Butt was born Feb. 4, 1862

at Pedes Co., Missouri, the son of Adam Butt born in Pennsylvania and Sophie born in Kentucky. He died here June 6, 1936.

Their daughter, Edith, graduated from Astoria High School in 1906 and that same year married Vernon D. Hackett in Clatsop County. Another daughter may have been Sarah Ethel Butt who married Nils Gustav Lindholm in 1911 in Clatsop County. The 1910 census shows that of the three children born to J. C. and Emma, one had died.

James W. Dunkin, father of Charlotte Emma Butt, was a veteran of the Civil War, serving almost four years in the Iowa Infantry, according to the Veterans' and Widows Schedule of the 1890 Federal Census.

He is probably the same person described in the following article found in the July 16, 1901 *Astoria Daily Budget*:

"J.W. Duncan, a former resident of Clatsop county but for a number of years living in Southern Oregon at Gold Beach near the California state line, has arrived at

Olney on a visit to his relatives who reside over there. He came the entire distance in a "prairie schooner" and reports that he found excellent roads all the way except between Mist and Olney. These he describes as most miserable and at places almost impassable."

The homestead records show a claim for Jacob Butt located in the east half of the northeast quarter of section 20 in township 7 north, range 8 west, consisting of 80 acres. Application for the claim was filed in 1884. They proved up on it five years later. The property in the mid 1970s belonged to the State of Oregon at which time the neighbors were P. and Ethel McCoy and George Blair. Highway 202 passes nearby and it probably takes no more than half an hour to make the trip into Astoria now.

If anyone has information on this family, please pass it on to CCHS (503) 338-4849.



CCHS Photo # 15026-00B

The men in the Backlund family of Walluski grade the road at Woodson, Oregon, in 1911, in this photo from the Anderson Collection. A four-horse team is pulling a scoop which levels and drags rock and dirt to fill in the holes. Shown are "Duke and Morgan with Uncle Mark driving," according to a note on the back of the photo.

The Gearhart Hotel and WWII

By Annalou B. Thomas

Fifty-seven years ago, the U.S.S. *Thetis Bay*, a Kaiser baby carrier,* docked for ten days in Astoria. The ship was on a “shake down” cruise from Bremerton, Washington to San Diego, California, before going to fight in the Pacific.

Ten Navy wives were making the trip south to be with their husbands in each port. Astoria did not have accommodations so the Captain went to the manager of the Gearhart Hotel to ask to rent rooms. Since it was late April, the hotel was open only for dinner – no guests for lodging before June. The manager finally agreed that if each wife were responsible for cleaning her own room and bath and helping with maintenance chores, it would be feasible.

The wives were allowed to go to the great old kitchen to prepare their own breakfasts and at noon we walked on the beach to Seaside for lunch.

Duties involved maintaining a fire in the huge lobby fireplace, working the switchboard and running the elevators. Our husbands joined us for the nights and enjoyed dinner in the gracious dining room.

The Gearhart Hotel was then in its fourth decade and it was like an English country manor. Standing on the dunes of the Pacific, it was a majestic struc-

ture furnished with wooden turn-of-the-century appointments.

The ship’s doctor was married to Claudette Colbert, the well-known movie star, who worked the switchboard as her extra duty. A highlight was Jack Benny, Mary Livingston and Rochester stopping one morning for coffee. The entertainers were driving to Seattle to entertain the troops. Gathered around the fireplace, the Bennys put on a rehearsal of the future show.

This was such an unusual period in time, and it is important that the Gearhart Hotel be remembered for the hospitable part it played in the history of World War II.

Returning to Astoria in July [2000] was a thrill. I regret that the Gearhart Hotel was torn down, but in my memory, it was a glorious host.



**The Thetis Bay was a small U.S. Navy ship from Kaiser Shipbuilding Co. in Vancouver, Washington. It was launched in 1944 and decommissioned in 1964 when it was sold for scrap.*

Annalou B. Thomas now resides in South Carolina.



Courtesy of Lois R. Bowen

The Gearhart Hotel, ca. 1930

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CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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(503) 325-2203

The Little Hammond Church

By Lois R. Bowen

Who were the people who banded together to build the little church? The town had never had more than seven or eight hundred residents, even its most prosperous years.

The town had grown up on the land surrounding Fort Stevens and survived on trade from the Fort and the Coast Guard station. Since it was located at the mouth of the Columbia River several commercial fishermen made Hammond their home and there was a fish cannery to provide some seasonal employment.

When we moved to Hammond in 1919, the little church was there. It was close to the river's edge and pummeled by wind and rain and blowing sand, its once white siding stripped of paint and the bell tower missing some shingles. The stained glass windows were still beautiful and the bell in the tower was still rung on Sunday to summon us to Sunday School. At Christmas, a tree was adorned with colored candles fastened on with metal clips. It was, of course, a treat of short duration but for a little while, we thrilled to the beauty of our tree as the glow from the candles was reflected in the color from the windows.

I can't remember there ever being a minister at the church, just a few dedicated women who were determined to provide religious training and some social life to the children of the town.

A big wood-burning stove heated the church, so the people near the source of heat roasted, while those in the back were shivering. Any paint that had ever decorated the interior of the building was long gone. We sat on wooden benches and in the front a raised platform served as a stage and pulpit.

It was a drab room, but I remember it with fondness. The religious holidays meant a new dress created by our mother on her treadle sewing machine. We also got treats of candy, and at Christmas, an orange and a few nuts. We also had an opportunity to recite or sing, or be part of a little play.

The building was in a sad state of repair but thanks to a woman we all called Aunt Winnie, no relation, just the Sunday School superintendent and our mother's best friend, we were given not only some religious training but also music and elocution lessons.

Then a gentleman we all called Grandpa Burke came to the rescue of the little church. He was a retired painter and he put his skills to work and completely redecorated the interior. It wasn't just painted as he was not an ordinary workman, but he had a real talent for decorating and when he was finished, the drab little building was a place of real beauty.



Courtesy of Lois R. Bowen

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Hammond, built in 1899. The incorporators were S. Davidson, Chas. T. McPherson, Mrs. Alice May, Rosette McGuire and J. C. McIntire.

Too bad that the people who sacrificed to build the church couldn't see it then. Sadly, the town grew smaller, people moved away and there was no one to take care of the building and it fell into disrepair again and no one came to save it.

The church is gone now, but the memory of the wonderful times we spent there will remain forever in our memories. I will always be grateful to the good people who made it all possible, from the original builders to those who kept it alive during my childhood.

Lois Reisdorf Bowen

I lived in Hammond when I was a small child and had lots of good memories connected with the little church there. When I was twelve, we moved to

Astoria. I married Jackson Bowen in 1934; we moved to Marshfield in 1941 and in 1945, we purchased a shoe store in Coquille, Oregon. We expanded the store into a department store and operated it together until Jack died in 1991. I continued the business for five more years. I still have other business interests and go to the office three or four times a week.



Editor's Notes:

See Charles Moore's article in the Fall 1993 issue of *Cumtux* for more on the town of Hammond.

Winifred and William Ballhorn were neighbors of the Reisdorfs, according to the 1920 census.

Reminiscences of William Morris Adair

The following are excerpts from a letter written by William Morris Adair of Sherwood, Oregon, on Feb 14, 1964 to the State Highway Department in Salem, Oregon. W.M. Adair was the son of Samuel Adair and grandson of the Customs Collector John Adair.

The winter of 1893-1894 which our family spent on father's preemption, there was one mail in to Cannon Beach and one out a week.

In our day, the mail sacks were made of heavy leather, and were a load in themselves. The Cannon Beach mail would be placed in a bag at Seaside and locked. It could not be opened except by the Cannon Beach post master who had a key. The mailman was not permitted to pick up or deliver mail between the two post offices. In the summer, mail was more frequent as the carrier could use a horse as far south as Cannon Beach. During three months in winter, he walked most of the time as the wind-fall would block the road for weeks at a time. His route was from Seaside to Nehalem. The first day out, he would walk from Seaside to the Austin House. His arrival would depend on the weather and tide. The second day he would make Nehalem, where he would lie over a day.

When we had completed our required residence on our claim, late in February 1894, the road over the mountain was impassable for a team, and been so for about three months. Father came

down to the beach with five saddle horses, and we all rode back to Seaside. We encountered a number of huge spruce trees across the road. Trails had been cut around the up-rooted trees, so as to enable a horse to get through. It was a toll road, but the tolls in winter did not amount to anything. Therefore, the removal of the windfall depended upon volunteer labor, as the County provided no funds for work on the Elk Creek road. The sticky clay mud on "Cedar Tree Hill," the steepest grade on the mountain around Christmas 1893 was so heavy, I don't know how the poor mailman managed to lug it at all. All of our friends and relatives felt sorry for us, and did everything possible towards making our Christmas a cheery one.

Move to Cannon Beach

When we moved down to Cannon Beach in July 1893, it took us two full days to make the journey from Seaside. There was no bridge across the Necanicum above Ben Holladay's bridge which led into the grounds of the Holladay House. Therefore, the river had to be forded about half a mile above the Holladay bridge, as the Elk Creek road ran up the Necanicum bottom on the west side of the River, winding its way around, and between huge spruce trees towering towards the sky. The trees were so close together, the sun could not reach the narrow road and dry out the black river bottom mud, which was belly deep in many places.

We had left our farm, which was located about two miles west of Fort Clatsop, the day before, with two four-horse teams hitched to dead-ax farm wagons, loaded with household goods and supplies sufficient to last eight months. Our family traveled in a two-horse spring wagon, driven by my older brother, Henry. Father drove one of the four horse teams. The hack contained mother and five of us youngsters ranging from twelve to one years of age. The trip down the Clatsop Plains was uneventful, but I do have memories of walking a good part of the way, through the heavy sand, urging our cow which was being led behind the wagon, to keep moving. We made an early departure from Seaside, and after ten hours of floundering through the river bottom mud, we reached a slight elevation at about what is now the Cannon Beach Junction, where a settler had abandoned his claim. There was an acre or two of cleared land and an orchard. We camped there for the night, where there was plenty of grass for our 10 horses. One farm wagon had slid into a chuck hole, crushing a hind wheel. A single-tree had also broken during the day. The disabled wagon had to be left on the road-side, but most of its load had been lashed onto the spring wagon, where one seat had been removed, making space for mattresses and bedding which some of us rode on. The load of the other farm wagon was also increased. Two of the four horses relieved of their burdens, were hitched as leaders for the spring wagon. The other team was used in emergencies where six horses were required to pull a wagon out of a hole or up a steep hill.

On the second day on the Elk Creek road, we ran into more soft bottom land, along the "Little Muddy." The original road over the mountain had two distinct summits, with marshy land between the two hog-backs. In order to make this

stretch of low land road passable, the narrow roadway had been covered with spruce split puncheons about four inches through, and ranging from a foot to two feet wide. Even though it was pretty rough traveling over the puncheons, especially in a dead-ax wagon, it was a relief to have solid footing for the horses and wagons, and cow. We passed through the Elk Creek toll gate late in the afternoon and had to wait a little while for the tide to fall enough to make it safe for us to ford Elk Creek.

The toll gate was about 600 feet north of the present bridge across the Creek, and was within shouting distance from Mr. Logan's Elk Horn House where the key to the gate was kept. Three experienced drivers had accompanied us from Seaside, Sam Russell, Johnny Starr and Alex Duncan.

Sam Russell had driven an ox team across the Plains in the mid [18]40s. He accompanied us on down the beach, and lived with us in a cabin on our place for a few years. He was killed by a falling rock, while walking around Arch Cape.

Johnny Starr, I believe, was a native of the Necanicum Valley, and a member of the Leberman family which settled there in the late 40s.

Alex Duncan was a young husky half-breed Indian from outside of Oregon. He had been Mr. Logan's teamster for a number of years, and eventually spent the remainder of his life around Elk Creek and Seaside, where he died in the 1950s.

We completed our journey, rounding Hug Point on the recently completed rock road at about sunset. The north boundary line of our claim was between Hug Point and the waterfalls.

For a number of months, father had a man building a road leading from the beach, midway between the Adair Point and Point Meriwether, to the site of our house. That road built nearly 75 years

ago, is the one that now connects the Hug Point Parking area with the beach. Our house stood in about the center of the Parking area.

We had four or five acres cleared and seeded to grass for our cow and horses. All of the second growth timber now surrounding the area has grown up since the turn of the century. Even now, the remains of a few stumps created 75 years ago can be seen along-side the second growth timber.

Along in the late 1880s, my father and about a dozen other men became interested in developing Cannon Beach. The area most accessible, and most desired, lay north of Silver Point, but it was not large enough to supply everyone with a half mile or so of beach front. It was, therefore, decided to divide the beach north of Arch Cape into the desired number of tracts, reducing the acreage in the most desired parcels; and then draw lots for turns to make selections. Father drew a number which gave him next to the last chance, and naturally, the choice property had already been selected. The acreage ran from 15 to 120 and all lay in sections 18 and 23 in township 4 north, range 10 west of the W. M. I believe that father got about half a mile of frontage on his pre-emption of about 88 acres.

Included in the groups were four English gentlemen. Mr. Logan was one of the four, but I believe he already owned beach property on both sides of Elk Creek and did not participate in the drawing. The others were Joe Walsh, Bell and Asbury, who had the first three claims north of Arch Cape. Then came Clark Carnahan, J.P. Austin, S. D. Adair, Sabine, Robby Norris, J. N. Griffin, who I believe acquired Ed McGuire's claim of 160 acres, L. Mansur, James Maher, and Frank Brallier.

Warren had a place on the northern end of the beach, but I don't believe he participated in the drawing. He may have

acquired his land from Frank Brallier. Mr. Mansur's son, Leonard, still lives on his father's claim, and Mr. Griffin's daughter also lives on her father's place [1964].

Bridge at Elk Creek

Mr. Logan, who was well to do, had a dwelling and livery stable in Seaside, in addition to this hotel and large livery stable at the mouth of Elk Creek. The barn was on the south side of the creek, while the hotel was on the north side. There was a floating log foot bridge. He owned the toll road and had men working on it a good part of the summer months. The revenue was not sufficient to pay for much of the work being done on it. Patrons of the road, either donated funds, or performed volunteer labor. Father had a team, wagon, and was working on the road several summers in the early 90s, hauling gravel from the Necanicum to the worst holes along the better land.

It was in about 1894 when the Lewis and Flanders families began developing their property. Their first road to Ecola left the beach at Chapman Point. They later built a road on the mountain, about due east from the present Ecola Parking area until it connected with the summit of the Elk Creek Road. This road saved a lot of hills to go up and down and reduced the distance to about one third. Such a road now might be a good idea. They also built the present road, leading north from Elk Creek. While they contributed generously to the up-keep of the Elk Creek toll road, there were chisellers who found the toll gate could be avoided, by taking the Lewis and Flanders' private roads. This was stopped by the erection of a pad-locked gate at the junction at the private and toll roads...

The rest of this article is available at the Heritage Museum.



East End Service Station (Texaco), owner Soren Hanson, 45th & Leif Erickson.
Courtesy of Tom Carmichael



Shell Serv-U-Rite, owner Oliver "Alje Pesonen, 6th & Olney Ave. His dad, John Pesonen, is standing beside the Pontiac.

Courtesy of Tom Carmichael

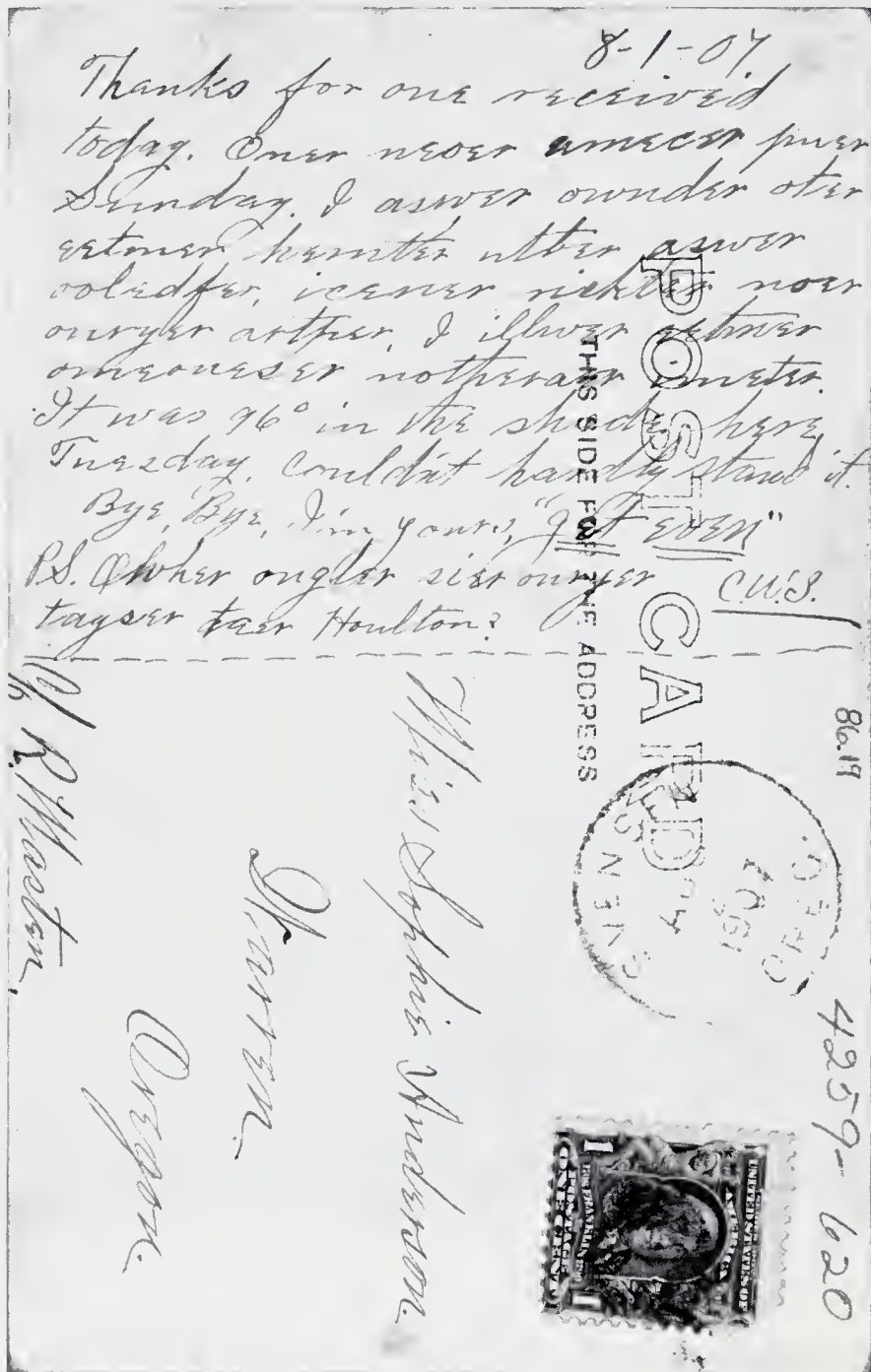


Courtesy of Tom Carmichael

Shell Public Landing Station, owner Mr. Swanson, 18th & Marine Dr.

MYSTERY POST CARD FROM 1907

Can you read the message on the card that C.W.S. sent to Sophie Anderson in 1907? Is it Norwegian, Swedish, or English? For the answer, call the Heritage Museum weekdays, (503) 338-4849. CCHS Photo No. 4259-620



Editor's Notes

By Liisa Penner

BRIDGE PARTY

Next year it will be time to celebrate the 125th Anniversary of the building of the bridge that connected Upper Astoria to Lower Astoria. Until the bridge was completed in July 1878, the only way to cross Scow Bay was by a ferry that left from O'Brien's Hotel on 17th Street, or by paddling a boat across. Those who had to walk could trudge along the soft mud of the shoreline at low tide, or take a path through the spruce-covered hillside, equally miserable trips by night.

BRIDGE EXHIBIT

"Spanning Oregon's Coast, Bridges Along U.S. Highway 101" is the title of an exhibit at the Heritage Museum that will run through June 30. Conde McCullough, Oregon's famous bridge engineer, is the man who designed both the Old Youngs Bay Bridge (1921) and the Lewis and Clark River Bridge (1924). He is the subject of a recent book by Robert Hadlow, "Elegant Arches, Soaring Spans: C. B. McCullough, Oregon's Master Bridge Builder."

Bonnie M. Kirk, formerly of Astoria and now of San Diego, CA learned about the exhibit at the Heritage Museum and wrote to say that she once lived next door to McCullough and his family in Salem where she went to high school her Senior year. She notes that she still has lots of friends in this area.

ADDED NOTES FOR THE ARTICLE ON JAMES L. HOPE

Edward L. (Leb) Carlson was the son of a river pilot, Capt. Carl J. Carlson. He was appointed police chief in 1920 and re-appointed the next year. Two months after the newspaper article that appears at the beginning of this story, he provided an affidavit on his personal wealth and denied accepting graft.

In these early years, the job of policeman required size, strength, agility and considerable courage. No doubt Leb Carlson had all these qualities. As far back as 1912, he performed in a wrestling match with a local "Hindu" (as he was billed) Dodan Singh. In May 1923, he was engaged in a "friendly" match with Astoria city attorney, Joseph Mannix, breaking his neck and killing him. The Ku Klux Klan, who had helped put Mannix into office, attended his funeral. Charges made against Carlson were dropped and a lawsuit against him by the widow of Mannix failed. Carlson then moved on to Aberdeen, Washington. He is the same man who had a run-in with Mayor Harley of Astoria in 1917. See the Winter 1997 issue of *Cumtux*, page 18.

An article on Mayor Bremner is being written by one of his descendants and will appear in a future *Cumtux* issue. Bremner did not want to serve as mayor of Astoria, even attempting to resign before the end of his term, but was persuaded by others to stay on and run again.

Courtesy of Roger A. Blair



Cilvia Winters, right, competes with Mary Jean Mallott for the world's log rolling championship at Escanaba, Michigan, August 28, 1938.

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